

SPURNED GIRL KILLS HERSELF

TRAGIC STORY OF LOIS VANDERVEER'S LAST NIGHT.

Her Midnight Demand That Frank Seaman Marry Her and Her Attempt to Hold Him Up in the Road Near Poughkeepsie Soon Followed by Her Death.

Poughkeepsie, Oct. 21.—Lois Vanderveer, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Harry Vanderveer, a Poughkeepsie carpenter, was found dead this morning on Violet avenue, about four miles outside of the city. A bullet through the right lung had killed her and the officials after an all-day investigation decided this evening that she had committed suicide.

The girl, who was the eldest of six children and who was out of school only a short time, left her home some time Friday evening after her mother believed that she had gone to bed. About 12:30 o'clock this morning Frank W. Seaman, son of a dairy farmer who lives about four miles northeast of Poughkeepsie, came home after having spent the evening in Poughkeepsie. As he was putting on his horse, he says, the girl stepped from behind the barn door.

Seaman had reason to know Lois Vanderveer. Two weeks ago she had him arrested, charging that he had assaulted her. After hearing evidence on both sides City Judge Spratt dismissed the girl's complaint. She was dejected over this and her efforts to get Seaman to marry her were futile.

Seaman says that in the barn as he worked around the horse with a lantern he again asked him to marry her, and that he told her it was out of the question. She persisted, he says, and finally in the hope of getting rid of her he told her to go to the house and talk to his father. She went. As she stepped out of the barn Seaman says he noticed for the first time the handle of a revolver sticking out of a side pocket of a long blue coat she wore.

After some parleying and a determined objection on the part of the older Seaman to consenting that his son marry her she went away. One of the Seamans telephoned to the Poughkeepsie police about the girl, saying that she had a revolver and that they were afraid of her. The police sergeant said a complaint would have to be made to a police justice. Less than four hours later, at about 4:30 o'clock, young Seaman started in his milk wagon to deliver milk to customers in and around Poughkeepsie. About half a mile from the house, he says, some one stepped from a fence along the road and a light flashed from a pocket electric lantern. It scared his horse. In the flash, Seaman says, he saw Lois Vanderveer, and she shouted:

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

His horse had bolted, he says, and he had no desire to stop. So he whipped the horse while it galloped down the road knocking milk cans and the wagon fell. About five minutes to six a man named Horton who is employed on the Newbold estate rode past the Armstrong place on a bicycle. He says he saw the girl and fell in love with her. She was a beautiful girl, he says, and only a short distance from where her body was found. To Horton it appeared that the girl had been crying and she was leaning against a fence.

About ten minutes later Walter Gilbert heard three shots. He thought a hunter was out early. At 7 o'clock a milk wagon passing the Gilbert farm saw the girl's body. They told Gilbert, who got Dr. Frederick Weaver at Hyde Park and notified Poughkeepsie police. When Dr. Weaver arrived the girl was dead and had been for some time.

Before the authorities had been told of the finding of the girl's body Seaman had entered Poughkeepsie in his milk wagon, met Chief of Police McCabe on the street and told him of the girl's visit to his home and of what had happened on the road. A short time later Chief of Police McCabe and District Attorney Black began an investigation into the girl's death.

The girl's body was lying on the road with her face in a ditch. There was a revolver a few feet away. In her left hand she held tightly a handkerchief. An examination of the revolver showed that the cartridge was loaded. One cartridge hadn't been touched and there were three empty shells. Gilbert heard three shots, but only one bullet had entered the girl's body. District Attorney Black came to the conclusion that after the shell which was loaded had failed to explode the girl had fired two shots in the air to test the revolver and then put the third into her right side.

Seaman was questioned by Police Chief McCabe and then allowed to go. Mrs. Vanderveer went to the police this evening and complained that Seaman was responsible for her daughter's death and that something should be done to him, but the police told her that her daughter had been killed by a bullet from a revolver which was in her hand. Seaman, who was excited almost to the point of being hysterical, made threats against Seaman. She said he had wronged her daughter, then scorned her and ended at her public.

An autopsy was performed on the body of Lois Vanderveer to-night at Coroner H. J. Selfridge's rooms by Dr. Fred B. Hays of Hyde Park and Dr. Knickerbocker of this city. The surgeons reported that there was only one bullet wound. It extended from the right breast, where it entered the body, passed the edge of the heart and struck the lungs and lodged in the left lung. The general course was downward and across the body. This wound caused death. The bullet was from a .22 caliber revolver. There were no other marks on the body. The position of the wound and course of the bullet are consistent with the theory of suicide. Coroner Selfridge has definitely decided what his verdict will be and will not until he takes the statements of all witnesses, but he thinks from that information he has at present that the girl killed herself.

Harry Vanderveer, father of the dead girl, said to-night that the only pistol he owns has a broken spring and is still in the house. He doesn't know who let the gun the weapon which was found beside her. It has white handles and is new. Vanderveer was deeply agitated when discussing his daughter's death. He said: "I only regret is that Lois did not bore Seaman's heart out with that gun. I have told Chief McCabe that this case must be investigated to the limit, as I do not believe my girl killed herself."

The dead girl's mother showed Lois's birth record to-night, which makes her only a little over 14 years of age, instead of 18, as she appears in the birth record. Police McCabe, after taking Frank W. Seaman's statement this morning, went with him to the morgue, where Seaman looked at Lois Vanderveer's body and identified it. He was then taken to the morgue by Seaman's father.

Frank Seaman, father of Frank W. Seaman, said that when he saw Lois last night she was in the yard. His son had run in from the barn and told him she was out there making threats. The elder Seaman remarked to the girl: "What are you doing here this time of night?" and she replied, he said, "You know what I'm doing here. I'm after Frank."

Farmer Seaman then told the girl to go home and closed the door. This morning Frank W. Seaman, after going over his milk route, saw Chief of Police McCabe on the street and whistled to him to attract his attention. The chief walked over to his wagon and Seaman said:

"You know that girl I had trouble with? Well, she was out to the place running the deuce last night, and to tell the truth I am afraid to go home without a remedy with her."

REQUIEM MASS FOR LISZT.

Mr. Lavelle at St. Patrick's Praised the Composer Who Became an Abbe.

A solemn high requiem mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday on the centenary of Liszt's birth. The Rev. Mr. John Edwards was celebrant, the Rev. Ladislav Penyes of Johnstown, Pa., was deacon and the Rev. Stephen Chermiaky of South Norwalk, Conn., sub-deacon. The full choir of the cathedral rendered music selected from Liszt's works.

"This is the first time, I believe, that Hungarians as a body have come to the Cathedral for a national celebration," said Mr. Lavelle, when he mounted the pulpit and his eyes passed over the rows of pews, where sat Hungarian Consulate General Nuber and delegations of the Aiol societies. "I am glad to bid you welcome and to throw open the doors of the Cathedral for your coming."

"The purpose which brings you here is beyond all praise. You have come to honor the one hundredth anniversary of his birth and it is inspiring that you should have chosen to honor it by prayers for his soul. We do not know how long purgatory lasts, but it is a wise practice to offer prayers for longer than the twenty-five years that have elapsed since his death. The spirit of the occasion corresponds with the truly catholic spirit of our hero."

"In Franz Liszt you add another to the long roll of famous Hungarians. The applause he received was greater than any other artist has ever received. Kings and parliaments vied with one another to honor him and universities showered degrees upon him. We are to remember him as a famous composer, but also to recall his devotion to the church and the fact that he was a cleric as well as an artist."

"His character was thoroughly human. He knew the weakness of human life and felt the temptations which the age he lived in threw about him. If his faith staggered at one time, as it appears to have done, and if for a time he strayed from the paths of sanctity he rose triumphant and his character as the greatest of his latter life. Franz Liszt was never a priest. He received only minor orders and did not believe himself worthy of the priesthood. His whole latter career was an edification."

The Rev. Mr. Edmund Neuhuber made an address in Hungarian. Mr. Neuhuber was a student at the seminary in Hungary less than four hours later, at about 4:30 o'clock, young Seaman started in his milk wagon to deliver milk to customers in and around Poughkeepsie. About half a mile from the house, he says, some one stepped from a fence along the road and a light flashed from a pocket electric lantern. It scared his horse. In the flash, Seaman says, he saw Lois Vanderveer, and she shouted:

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"You know that girl I had trouble with? Well, she was out to the place running the deuce last night, and to tell the truth I am afraid to go home without a remedy with her."

This was about 8 A. M. An hour afterward the chief was notified by telephone that a girl had been found dead on Violet avenue.

MISS MILHOLLAND A HEROINE

ISAAC N. STEVENS PUTS HER IN A BOOK.

He Saw Her Head the Suffrage Parade and Made a Dash for the Press Clippings About Her—Miss Milholland Pleased With the Result, He Says.

Isaac N. Stevens, one time District Attorney of Denver, later orator at large for the cause of woman suffrage and all the while a novelist, explained yesterday morning just before sailing on the Cleveland for India and the Far East how he happened to write "An American Suffragette."

"The book won't be in actual circulation until I am out of sight of land," he said. "They promised it would be on the newsstands to-day, and all the shops will have it by Monday. Go? Oh, I haven't a doubt about that, and neither will you when you know who the heroine is."

"The inspiration of my book and the dominant character in it is Inez Milholland."

Several persons asked simultaneous questions. Mr. Stevens held up his hand for silence. "Be patient," he said, "and I will tell you all about it."

"As I stood on Fifth avenue on the 6th of last May watching the advance of that magnificent procession of women who are trying to establish their political rights in our glorious democracy the gallant little army suddenly resolved itself for me into a background for one majestic young figure who led the parade. Beautiful she was indeed and stately, but it was not her beauty which most impressed me. It was the fire of indomitable courage and lofty purpose in her glorious march which made her seem to me the very incarnation of the feminist movement. I found out her name from a bystander who was lucky enough to have once shaken hands with her at a meeting, and then I rushed up to the national suffrage headquarters at 505 Fifth avenue, where a kind hearted young woman gave me access to a big pile of press clippings."

"Of course, as any one who reads the papers would know, I found many articles about the clumps of Miss Milholland. All of them gave evidence of her originality, broad-mindedness and contempt for small and petty conventionalities. What impressed me most, perhaps in her leaving a night club to look after the interests of some young girls who had been arrested for picketing a theatre, was her description of her, in a beautiful white evening gown, with her way dark hair twisted into a loose knot and bound with a narrow black ribbon. How wonderful she must have seemed to those rough prisoners! In one sense of the word as far removed from them as a star, and yet—"

"And did you begin the book right away?" interrupted a listener. "Of course I did," replied Mr. Stevens. "Right off the bat."

"I saw her heroine a young lawyer. Miss Milholland is studying law, you know and even if I had tried to I couldn't have painted her except with the eyes of a true journalist. She had a beautiful mouth, at once strong and sensitive, but I didn't try. Why should I? It isn't often that one finds a heroine right to one's hand. The subject of a set of circumstances just suited to the working out of the plot has conceived."

"And is the book about suffrage?" he was asked. "No," he replied. "It is the propaganda sense it isn't," he replied. "That sort of thing inevitably spoils a book from the artistic point of view. I think, however, that the book as a whole preaches a better suffrage sentiment than if it were filled with arguments in favor of the enfranchisement of women."

"One of the principal characters is a woman of a type quite opposite to that of the heroine. She is the parasitic woman, whose whole existence depends upon some man. She is murdered by a man, and the book brings out the idea that her tragic death was due to this very fact, that which a certain class of women are holding up as a desirable condition for their sex. That type of woman could never be an inspiration to any man."

One of the listeners asked Mr. Stevens at this point whether the type of woman he so disposed wasn't the very one which had been exalted in song and story all down the ages. "The type of woman which men had cheerfully toiled and fought and died."

"You are partly right and partly wrong," replied Mr. Stevens. "It is true that the heroine of the old romance was not economically independent, nor did she seek to be. It is also true that she was as a rule of noble birth and exalted social position. There is a certain glamour of mystery, of remoteness, and generally in addition of surpassing physical beauty. As a matter of fact if you will read the old romances analytically you will find that the heroines were as a rule high spirited. They were not unfrequently left in command of castles while their husbands or fathers were fighting for the crown of some distant king. Pride was almost invariably one of their predominant characteristics. Even the frequent fainting fits of the eighteenth century heroines were meant to be interpreted as evidence of an acute sensibility rather than of weakness. No one has any use for the woman who divides her time between dawdling over novels in a parlour and attending to matinees and auction bridge meets and then prates about the Home with a capital H."

I leave Miss Milholland in my book all that she can do. She is a woman who possesses in real life and I make her the crackjack lawyer she is destined to become. She defends the innocent man who is charged with the murder of the parasitic woman and brings the guilty one to justice. I think the court scene is about the strongest in the book."

"I sent a copy of the book to Miss Milholland as soon as it was published and received a charming note of appreciation from her. Since then I have had the pleasure of meeting her several times, and last night I went with her to see 'The Return of Peter Grimm.' She has about her a wonderful vivifying influence that enhanced the effect of even that powerful play."

"Seeing her under the circumstances which made my first glimpse of her so strong an influence on my literary work has been one of the most remarkable experiences in my life. I cannot help feeling that the impression I gained of her in the parade was a prophetic one, and that some day in the near future she will be leading the women of New York in some dramatic struggle with the world, his wife and his neighbor."

Mr. Stevens said in reply to other questions that although he expected to visit Egypt, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii and possibly China on his trip around the world, his real objective point is India. He plans, he says, to spend several weeks at Delhi and at Agra studying the systems of the yonis, giving special attention to the practice of thought transference and suspended animation. His next novel but one will deal with these subjects. One upon which he is now at work and which he says he expects to finish in the heart of Washington life and politics. Its purpose is to show the incompatibility of patriotism and party rule."

Of course, Mr. Stevens will study the various aspects of the woman movement in all the countries which he visits. He said he thought the Japanese woman had advanced further than any of her Oriental sisters."

A friend of Miss Milholland who had read Mr. Stevens's book says that the outward resemblance of his heroine to the famous suffragette is not at all remarkable, but that he has not brought out the subtle traits of her character.

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